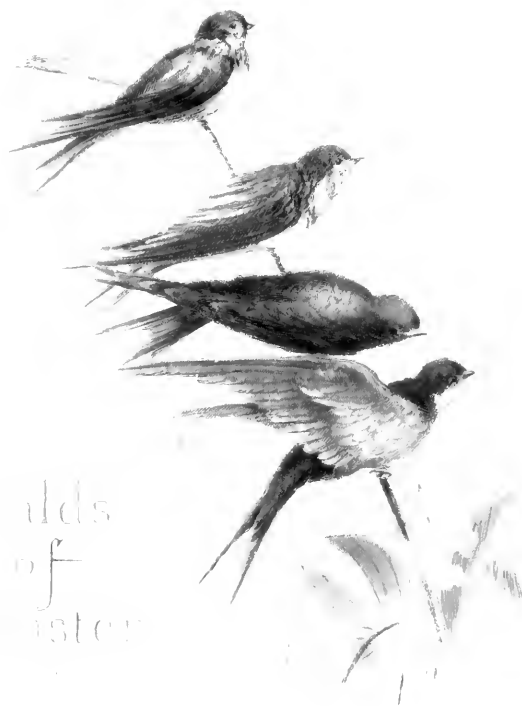


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Hills
of
Easter

HERALDS OF EASTER

A NEW POEM OF EASTERTIDE BY

DORA READ GOODALE

WITH DESIGNS OF

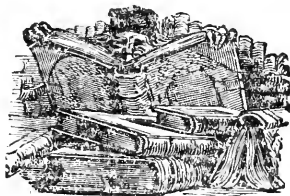
CITY-SPARROWS AND WISTERIA BLOSSOMS; WHITE
DOVES AND BLOSSOMING APRICOT; SWALLOWS
SKIMMING OVER WHITE DAISIES; CHIP-
PING-BIRDS AND PUSSY-WILLOW

BY

FIDELIA BRIDGES

DESIGNER OF

"SONGS OF BIRDS;" "BIRDS OF MEADOW AND GROVE;" "SONGSTERS OF THE BRANCHES"



NEW YORK

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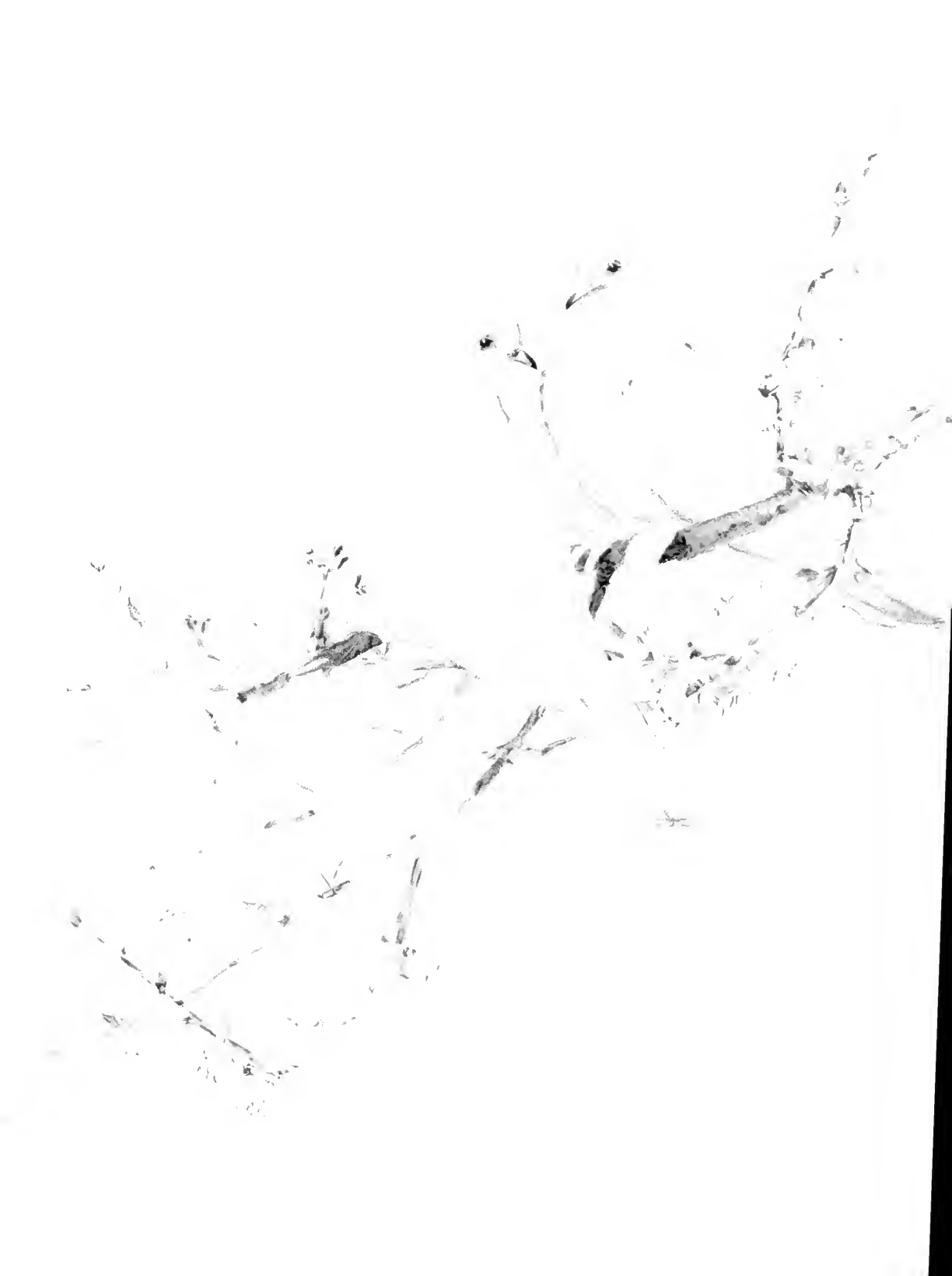


Heralds of Easter.

The night is fast, the heavy night of snows,
The creeping hours, uncolored and alone—
Lift up your hearts to greet the happy morrow,
Fair cradle of a future yet unknown.
A whisper shakes the curtained quays,
To hail the rising King,
And on the crystal air of day
The bells begin to ring—
Chime!
The bells begin to ring

HERALDS OF EASTER.

*The night is past, the heavy night of sorrow,
The creeping hours, unsolaced and alone—
Lift up your hearts to greet the happy morrow,
Fair cradle of a future yet unknown.
A whisper shakes the curtained grey,
To hail the rising king,
And on the crystal air of day
The bells begin to ring—
O hark!
The bells begin to ring.*



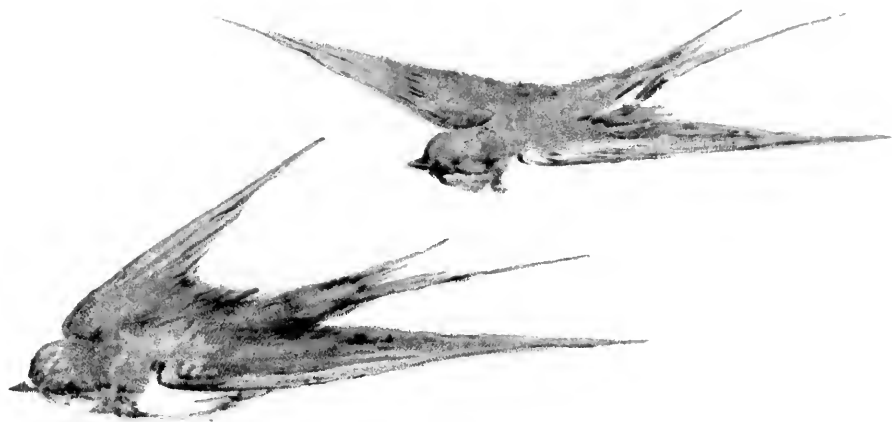
Again the words of glad release are spoken
To weary soul with leaden grief oppressed,
The year brings back the old, immortal token
And hope returns to ease the burdened breast.
A look - a word, we know not how,
Our long resentment goes;
It melts before a stronger vow,
To vanish like the snows
At last,
To vanish like the snows.

*Again the words of glad release are spoken
To every soul with leaden grief oppressed,
The year brings back the old, immortal token
And hope returns to ease the burdened breast.
A look—a word, we know not how,
Our long resentment goes;
It melts before a sweeter vow,
To vanish like the snows
At last,
To vanish like the snows.*

The earth breaks forth in countless eager voices,
A silver sound where all before was dumb.
The Sparrow on the stringing vine rejoices,
Raving of June and rosy days to come.
The so in blissful produce meet
The tardy gifts of Time,
While yet, with lingering cadence sweet,
The Easter bells chime,
The Easter bells chime.
Far off,

*The earth breaks forth in countless eager voices,
A silver sound where all before was dumb;
The sparrow on the swinging vine rejoices,
Dreaming of June and rosy days to come,
For so in blissful promise meet
The tardy gifts of Time,
While yet, with lingering cadence sweet,
The Easter belfries chime,
Far off
The Easter belfries chime.*

*As light returns, in sudden pallor stealing,
The city starts, her pulses thrill again,—
For her the breath of vital strength and healing
Whose streets and alleys teem with myriad men!*



As light returns, in sudden paler dawning,
The City Starts, her pulses thrill again;
For her the breath of vital strength and healing
Moses streets and alleys turn into myriads
On many a hearth her grateful fires
A sacred incense raise,
For still the tamed heart aspires
And burns in prayer and praise, -
Untaught!
It burns in prayer and praise.

Long is the night above the distant meadows,
Black, like the grave that holds the silent clay;
When shall the morning part the empty shadows,
Type of a faith majestic as the day?
A glimmer lights the Eastern Key,
The smiling flush of Spring,
And from the heavens, dark and high,
The birds begin to sing
O hush!
The birds begin to sing.

Once more the stream frets the time of mallons,
Tired from its bonds, and laughing in the light;
Glistens the grass beside the stony shallows,
Province of summer to the hungry light!
A warmitte has pierced the frozen earth
By barren field and plain,
And quickened to a higher birth
She wakes with all her train -
O ee!
She wakes with all her train.

*On many a hearth her grateful fires
A sacred incense raise,
For still the tameless heart aspires
And burns in prayer and praise,—
Untaught
It burns in prayer and praise.*

*Long is the night above the distant meadows,
Black, like the grave that holds the silent clay;
When shall the morning part the empty shadows,
Type of a faith, majestic as the day?
A glimmer lights the Eastern sky,
The melting flush of spring,
And from the heavens, dark and high,
The birds begin to sing—
O hush !
The birds begin to sing.*



Thank, what a burst of capture and of yearning
Spent, like a wave dissolving on the sand!
Blessed be the hour of life and love returning,
Sweet consolation to the wintry land!

The mayflower lifts her swelling buds,
The tray of shut and snow,
And half the willow's russet-hoods
A silver crescent show
Horsforth,
A silver crescent show.

*Once more the stream foretells the time of swallows,
Freed from its bonds, and laughing in the light;
Glistens the grass beside the stony shallows,
Promise of summer to the hungry sight!
A warmth has pierced the frozen earth
By barren field and plain,
And quickened to a higher birth
She wakes with all her train—
O see!
She wakes with all her train.*

*Hark, what a burst of rapture and of yearning,
Spent, like a wave dissolving on the sand.
Blessed be the hour of life and love returning,
Sweet consolation to the wintry land!*

In lonely grief, as heedless of the morrow,
With costly vows we kept the Lenten fast;
He too would bring the gifts of tender snow
And seek our Lord amid the buried past:
But not in clay or crumbling stone
Shall deathless hope appear:
The Saviour still redeems his own -
He rose and is not here, -
Behold,
He rose and is not here!
Ora Road Fordale.

*The mayflower lifts her swelling buds,
The toy of sleet and snow,
And half the willow's russet hoods
A silver crescent show
Forsooth,
A silver crescent show.*

*In lonely grief, as heedless of the morrow,
With costly vows we kept the lenten fast;
We too would bring the gifts of tender sorrow,
And seek our Lord amid the buried past:
But not in clay or crumbling stone
Shall deathless hope appear:
The Saviour still redeems his own—
He rose and is not here,—
Behold
He rose and is not here!
—Dora Read Goodale.*

